SAWDUST

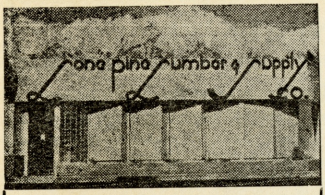
Vol. III Feb. 1943 No. 2

"Team work"

A Monthly Publication Of General Interest Issued By The Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Co. For Complimentary Circulation Among Its Friends, Customers and Customers-To-Be.

© 1936, B. & B.

No matter what you're planning to paint we have the perfect answer in our full line of Fuller Paints—*they last!*



Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

RUDIE HENDERSON
TOM HENDERSON
BOB HENDERSON
J. W. MC KINNEY
CHARLES HARNED
JESSE BROWNE
CLARK O'CONNELL
ERNEST F. LASKY
EDWARD HJELTNESS
GUY MARTIN
BERT ZUCCO
FLORENCE ADAIR
LAURA THOUVENELL
ALBERT SAINZ
L. D. OWEN
KEITH DREW
CHARLES GILMORE
DON TERRY
CLAUDE DREW
EDWARD WILLIAMS

E. P. FITZGERALD
LEE MEYERS
ROBERT MECHAM

JIMMY-THE-RED
MASCOT

CHALFANT PRESS
PRINTERS

The Kid Next Door . . .

We never noticed him much, one way or the other. He was just another kid with a crew haircut who was crazy about swing music and jitterbugging and who drove the family car much too fast. When the kid's father announced with pride that his son had soloed in one of those buzzing little yellow airplanes, we nodded politely and promptly forgot the whole thing. And after that, when we didn't see the kid around anymore, we forgot him too.

Last night we went to the movies. The newsreel was about half over when it happened. Suddenly there on the screen, crew haircut and all, was the kid.

He was standing on the deck of an aircraft carrier, fingering a flying helmet and obviously scared stiff. For a second we didn't get it. Somebody must have made a mistake.

And then the voice of an unseen interviewer said:

"Tell us how it felt when you started down through the Japanese anti-aircraft off Midway."

Up front somebody yelled excitedly: "Looky! It's Harry!" And then suddenly all over the theatre the people began to stamp and hoot and whistle. We never heard what the kid said. We couldn't have, in all that racket, and besides, we were too busy cursing ourselves for a sentimental fool because the screen had somehow gotten blurry and we realized that those hoarse noises that filled our ears were coming from our own throat.

Nobody needs to tell us anymore what Americans are fighting for, because we know. We're fighting for the kid next door, for swing music and idiotic dance steps, for corn flakes in the morning and Amos 'n' Andy at night, for Kansas wheatfields and Coney Island and Washington's monument—for the thousands of big important things and crazy little inconsequential things which, when you add them up, are America.

—From an advertisement of the Bethlehem Steel Co.

SENTENTIOUS ANECDOTES

Baiting Caesar

"If George Savage can do as nice a job of polishing up shipwrecks as he did for a certain candidate for Congress that I know, I would think that the Editor of "Sawdust" would do well to continue his campaign in support of the lieutenant by sending a marked copy to Harry L. Englebright for the purpose of seeing how good a sport Englebright is."—Irving G. Bishop, Los Angeles, Cal.

Toil, the Siren of Fame

"I got a swell kick out of your open letter to Lieut. George Savage. And especially that fine cut of him 'at work'."—John Long, California Newspaper Publishers Assn.

Palm Fans Coming Back?

"Due to the selection and designation of our plant for the manufacture of essential and urgent equipment needed by our armed forces overseas, we have temporarily discontinued the manufacture of air coolers."—Essick Mfg. Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

An End to Bureaucrats

"So, along with winning the war, we feel confident, that when peace returns, we shall be ready, every man, jack and voter, to dismiss the bureaucrats who plague us. And congress will do just that or else. The war is like a long tempestuous sea voyage. Most of us are deathly sea-sick. But when we reach the port and stand on firm ground again, we shall have some very solid convictions regarding the kind of government we want."—H. M. Leete, Nevada City Nugget.

The Turning Worm

"Democrats have a registration of 3,810 as compared with 6,439 in 1940."—Truckee, Nevada County, Sierra Sun.

Water Only Makes One Wet

"The town of Kodiak is only a few miles distant, composed of one short crooked street, filled with beer joints and a couple of other censored establishments. Really nothing there to attract the men. For the most part we stay on the base like good little boys."—Leonard D. Wiltfang, Kodiak, Alaska.

Sponge Cake

"When you publish a communication wherein it is stated that sponge cake and brown gravy do not go together, you are asking for trouble. First of all, most of us have gone without meat so long that whether brown gravy was served with sponge cake or apple pie, it would still taste good. Second, that writer apparently has never been hungry enough or so hungry that he could eat that proverbial part of the anatomy of a skunk and enjoy it. Third, some of us have been served sponge cake that if we had had some brown gravy to put on it would have saved our faces with many an over zealous and ambitious young bride. And, fourth, some of us just simply happen to like our sponge cake with brown gravy. Frankly, just try some sponge cake with gravy after the cake has dried about four days and see if you don't like it."—Irving G. Bishop, Los Angeles, Cal.

AN EDITOR GOES TO WAR

Samuel Johnson once said that man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

An epic in modern day journalism, in our opinion, was able and terse Editor Walter B. Stafford's adieu in the Yreka Siskiyou Daily News. The following is from his "Footnotes" column.

* * *

(You had decided to go duck hunting that Sunday morning but you stopped at the office on a hunch. Just as you walked in somebody said: "Hey, look at this," and pointed at the teletype machine, which was clanging its bell madly. You walked across the room to read . . . "FLASH . . . Navy Base at Pearl Harbor bombed by Japs." You digested this for a minute, and then said "Let's round up some printers. We'll have to get out an extra.")

After the initial shock of the war, you and 130 million other Americans began to drift back into that groove of wishful thinking that won the war in headlines, only it didn't stay won. Wake fell, and Java, and Bataan, and Corregidor, and the little yellow men tightened their ring around Australia. This wasn't the invincible United States anymore, but a frightened nation fighting for its life. You got panicky and raged at the British for losing a campaign in Libya ("Those damn cockneys never could fight") and you rationalized the failure of your government to get supplies to Russia.

And you sat in your office for 14 hours a day, writing about barn burnings and birthday parties, wondering if you were pulling your weight in the war and suspecting pretty candidly that you weren't.

Six million guys have gone off to war before you, and you wonder if they all had this same feeling of unreality. But you have the railroad ticket, the new suitcase is packed, and the quicker it is over the quicker you'll be back.

Now Footnotes writes "30" for the duration. What started out as a duck shooting trip on Dec. 7, 1941, wound up in a hunt for bigger game.

—SD—

WHO FOUGHT WHO . . .

A duel was lately fought in Texas by John S. Nott and Alexander Shott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it was better to be Shott than Nott.

There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding.

It may be made to appear on trial, that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or, as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, then the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot, and Nott would be not.

We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott but Nott. And now it's getting hard to tell who the hell was shot.

—Coyne Shop Talk.

Wallpaper

Hail to the returning festival, old Bishop Valentine!...Lumber shipments of 451 mills reporting to the National Lumber Trade Barometer exceed production by 29.8 per cent for the week ended January 23, 1943. In the same week new orders of these mills were 44.0 per cent greater than production...Recent pleasant evening was being in attendance at the Charter Night send-off of the Trona Lions Club...Orchids to Judge Claude McCulloch of Portland in dismissing the criminal case presented by the United States Government against the Hammond Lumber Co. His findings and verdict, although couched with judicial restraint, were a bit of knuckle rapping for a Federal agency obviously bringing an industry to court without sufficient cause... If half of your cigarette goes for taxes and the other half goes in the ash tray, why not quit smoking?...WPB sent a letter from New York January 23rd that reached us in the good time of 5 days. It flatly stated that they would confiscate our stock of frozen insect screening below cost if samples were not received in New York by January 28th., the day we received the letter in Lone Pine. The mildest comment in our reply was to remind them that Lone Pine was not adjacent to the mosquito marshes of New Jersey where overnight mail service was customary...Bennie Rosenbach, after minute and lengthy inspection of poker hand dealt him: "I pass wit'out lookin' ". . . J. Percy Hart mailed us a copy of his 16 page treatise of the Federal Income Tax with proffered solution that contains plenty of food for thought ...Reading of our being without glasses for a couple of weeks, Art Twohy told us of a fellow passenger on a sea voyage, three weeks from port, leaning on the rail in admiration of a setting sun when he suddenly sneezed his false teeth into the briny deep...The possibility of women lumber handlers doesn't seem so ridiculous with three of our employees entering military service this month... Bring your own containers, folks, if you want paint thinners, turpentine or linseed oil. They are out of cans for the duration...Half pints and pints in paints are also being dropped...A word to parents: Lumber piles offer as much lure to youngsters of today as when we were young. Scarcely a day goes by without ordering youngsters, even of high school age, to practice their broad-jumping and hopping on lawns instead of our timber piles. One lad required about a dozen stitches to close up his head in a recent tumble and some of the personnel at the adjacent Sierra Cafe were seriously affected by the sight of the gore. Besides we don't want to hamper our cafes, we have too few now...Which reminds us that there was the fellow who had to go back to the hospital again. He took a sudden turn for the nurse ...And speaking of cafes we recently heard this at the counter while partaking of a hamburger: "Of course I wouldn't say anything about her unless I could say something good. And, oh boy, is this good—"...Hitler and Mussolini formerly made a lot of speeches. Roosevelt and Churchill now seem to be in the habit. Notice

that Stalin says practically nothing?...Incidentally we resent Roosevelt's statement in opening his fire-side chats that he is the commander-in-chief of the people. Mr. Roosevelt, may we be so rude as to remind you that you are the commander-in-chief of the military but the PRESIDENT of the people?...The recent Lions Club-Boy Scout banquet was a darb. Was that certain patrol leader, who had gorged himself to the point of unbuckling his belt and unzipping his trousers, embarrassed, when he absent-mindedly arose to introduce the members! ...Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Palmer address their communications to us: "To the little monkeys on SAWDUST" ... We're thankful they add those last two words... We recently blinked at a sizeable Cashier's Check that bounced, only to find that it lacked an endorsement...Jimmy-the-Red witticism of the month when advised to save his money for a rainy day: "What for? It doesn't rain here"...We grumble about our train service at times, but after waiting 48 hours for Mrs. E. O. Erickson to arrive at the L. A. Union station, we were cured. It would have been longer, but we wormed the car up over Cajon Pass and met the train at Yermo...Mike Silva is of a rugged nature, but he certainly believes in "saying it with flowers" when one of his pals is hospitalized...The volume of wood used for fuel in America is second only to the amount which is used for lumber...Pretty soon we'll be talking about the good old "boom times" when restaurants displayed signs: "Be kind to our waitresses, we can get plenty of customers"...Perhaps it isn't such a sacrifice although it is serious to those directly concerned. Five of nine service stations on our Main Street are now closed.

RETROSPECTION
Lone Pine
February — 1928

Little Virginia Hutton, who underwent an operation for the removal of her appendix is now well on the road to recovery...Corbett Bland of Darwin sells his general merchandise business to Oliver Thorson of San Francisco...Mrs. Alice Tate starts construction of 5-room bungalow...Lone Pine Hall features "Swim Girl Swim," featuring Bebe Daniels and Gertrude Ederle, directed by Lone Pine's own Clarence Badger...All Main Street line poles have been removed in preparation for the new ornamental street lights... Jens Ness, A. R. Stringer, Robert Evans and Jose Espinosa are new initiates in the Gun Club...Gigantic iron and steel industry for Inyo County to bring the dawn of a great new industrial era soon, according to Joe LeCyr...Owen Mello succeeds R. R. Henderson as editor of the Mt. Whitney Observer. (Cheers from the multitude!)...Justice of Peace Southey levied ten-dollars fine on Charles Meysan, Stanley Hosner and Harold Cline for jail-breaking, resisting an officer, and drunk and disorderly...Little Miss Mary Petrina Johnson, aged four months, was baptized last Sunday by Rev. G. J. Benefeil...Owens Valley citizens grumble at trout season opening being set over from May 1st to June 1st...Major C. P. Watson, F. R. Spaulding, Walter B. Young, Fred Naphan, Will L. Smith and P. G. Sexton were arrested on warrants charging criminal conspiracy and dynamiting of the Los Angeles aqueduct at Cottonwood last year.

ADVERSITY'S SWEET MILK, PHILOSOPHY

Mr. Ezra Taylor of Lone Pine has been in continuous correspondence with Mr. W. J. Cameron of the Ford Motor Company for thirty years. We are indebted to Mr. Taylor for the following excerpts from Mr. Cameron's latest letter:

Well, our country is undergoing an experience. We are now at a point where we can see that neither our production nor distribution was what we thought. We had never produced enough—yet that was the hardest thing for the people to believe; we seem to prefer to think there is more than enough, but that greed with-holds it.

The leaders of strife believe the heresy that has to some extent affected even our country—that a Nation can grow prosperous by taking wealth instead of making it. The leaders of strife hope to take prosperity by war. Our people never have believed that possible, and are far beyond the possibility of ever believing it, now; but, amongst ourselves, and in some of our newly-imported political ideals, the false belief has won a foothold. Reality, however, and a self-policed mind, will take care of that.

I feel hopeful that our country may be able this time to do something of age-long benefit for the world. We shall probably be the only people left who are capable, and trusted enough to do it.

Never was the whole world so opened up as now—and it need not have been so violently had we been faithful to our leading. But we were blinded by cheap, slave-made fifteen-cent rubber, the profits of which were shot away in one hour at Pearl Harbor.

Still our nation is not rejected; her mission is still hers and not another's. And, whereas, last time, we said, "This is the War to end War," this time we feel it. I think there is a great difference in that. I look to see our country bless mankind even more than before.

—SD—

PLEASURE ALL HIS . . .

Hitler and Goering were arguing one day about the loyalty of the German masses. Goering expressed grave doubts about the factory workmen. Hitler maintained, that every German, regardless of the work he did, would support Der Fuhrer to a man. "They will obey my orders implicitly, without question," he declared.

To prove he was right as always, he invited Goering to accompany him to a Berlin munitions plant. Inside, the workmen heiled him heartily. Hitler motioned to one of them to come to him. Drawing a pistol from his holster Der Fuhrer handed it to the man and commanded him to shoot five of his fellow workmen. Without hesitation the man turned and fired. Five Germans fell dead upon the floor.

Hitler rubbed his hands with glee at Goering's discomfiture. "What did I tell you?" he gloated. Then turning to the executioner he asked: "My man, what is your name, and where are you from?"

"I am Aaron Levitsky, from Warsaw."—The Optimeter.

WHAT A SATIRE!

President Franklin D. Roosevelt is using sharp-toothed unkindness in continually harping on maximum incomes of $25,000. The capable and the wealthy men of this land have been doing a superb service in World War II. To continue to give out the impression that some individuals are profiteering in this war, serves only to appeal to the masses, who are as unthinking as our own Congressmen, when it comes to actual facts pertaining to income taxes.

You who are now deep in the work of calculating your own income taxes have the facts before you in Federal Tax Form 1040 and California Tax Form 540. Take a few minutes and check some astounding revelations. You will at least be doing something with a pencil and paper that few of our Congressmen have done, or they would never have passed such legislation.

Do you know for instance that if you had a salary of $90,000, that you would have but $26,410 remaining after payment of taxes? That's fair enough, yes.

But let us presume that you had a salary of $250,000. Figure it out and you will find that after paying taxes you will still have $26,410. In other words, for $160,000 additional compensation you would pay it all out in taxes.

Let us assume that you have a salary of $500,000. After paying your income taxes, there remains but $18,910.

Suppose you are worth $1,000,000 to a corporation employing you. After taxes you will have $3,910 remaining.

The following are the breakdowns that you should get with that aforementioned pencil and paper:

Salary	$ 250,000
6% Normal Tax	15,000
Surtax	180,140
Cal. Income Tax	28,450
Salary after taxes	26,410
Salary	$ 500,000
6% Normal Tax	30,000
Surtax	385,140
Cal. Income Tax	65,950
Salary after taxes	18,910
Salary	$1,000,000
6% Normal Tax	60,000
Surtax ..	795,140
Cal. Income Tax	140,950
Salary after taxes	3,910

The 5% Victory tax that is now effective is a non-deductible expense item. It may be readily seen that the salaried man of $500,000 will lack $6,090 of having sufficient income to pay his 1943 taxes. And the salaried man of $1,000,000 will lack $46,090 to cover his taxes.

On top of all of this it is proposed to raise income taxes for 1943.

We dislike being repetitious, but when oh when are we to have some business sense in Congress?

That our present income taxes are downright class legislation is revealed in many ways. For example: An individual operating a rooming-house is allowed to deduct as expense such domestic help as maid and kitchen service. But the wealthy man having a house full of relatives that he is keeping off relief is not permitted to deduct as expense any items of service such as maids, butlers, cooks, chauffeurs, gardeners, etc.

Let's see, didn't taxes have something to do with the Boston Tea Party?

Behind the Bandsaw—

A mother had been telling her small son the "facts of life." Finally she said: "Now, Jimmie, are there any questions you would like to ask? Anything at all; don't be afraid."

After a little heavy thinking the boy replied: "Well, yes, there's something I've been wanting to know for a long time. How do they make bricks?"

—SD—

"This stuff you sold me might be O.K. for some things," said the bald-headed man, "but it hasn't brung back my hair yet. Look at them bumps on my head."

The druggist looked at the label on the bottle.

"Great Scott," he gasped, "I've made a terrible mistake. This is bust developer."

—SD—

An infant was awakened from a peaceful slumber in a hospital. Looking down at his raiment he yelled over to the occupant of the next crib: "Did you spill water on my diaper?"

"Nope."

"Hmmm, musta been an inside job."

—SD—

"Kissing my wife again, eh? Say, don't you know what good clean fun is?"

"No, what good is it?"

—SD—

Rastus came home one evening rather early and unexpectedly, and found his Mandy quite flustered. His perturbation was not decreased at the sight of a strange pair of shoes under the bed. Rastus quietly drew out his razor and began to strop it.

"Whut you all gonna do wid dat razor, Rastus?" she nervously asked.

"Woman, dey's a pai' o' genmun's shoes undeh de bed. If dey ain't no niggah in dem shoes—Ah'm gonna shave!"

2 BIG BOOKS

113 pages full of ideas on how to improve your home.

Get Your Copies TODAY

BETWEEN YOU AND ME THIS KYANIZE IS GREAT!
THE LIFE OF THE SURFACE
Kyanize
SELF SMOOTHING
LUSTAQUIK ENAMEL
More time at home means more wear and tear on the furnishings. Better brush on a little lasting cheer and make things bright with the gay colors of Lustaquik, the Kyanize quick-drying enamel. *Self smoothing*, it's great for chairs, tables, woodwork and all interior surfaces. Dries in four hours. Plenty of smart colors and tints. Waterproof.
Kyanize
LUSTAQUIK ENAMEL
WHITE

Your INSURANCE PREMIUM

Nearly 90% of an iceberg is submerged. Most of the weight lies below the surface, where you never see it.

It's that way with insurance, too. The premium—large and conspicuous as it may sometimes seem—looks insignificant when you remember its relation to the importance and value of the property insured.

Take, for instance, fire insurance on a $5,000.00 dwelling in Owens Valley. Under average conditions, the annual premium may range from $30.00 to $35.00. In either case, the relation between premium and possible loss is obvious.

The moral is so commonplace that it is often overlooked: "Don't be so concerned with the premium as to forget that the more important thing is the protection."

All insurance is more or less technical and complicated. Place your coverage with an agency that does not depend upon the selling of insurance for a livelihood, and therefore is less apt to overinsure you. We pride ourselves upon being independent and unbiased. We are working solely in your interest. More than 15 continuous years of insurance experience is available to you for shaping a policy to fit your particular requirements. Our compensation is not an extra fee from you, but a commission paid by the insurance companies.

MARYLAND CASUALTY **INDUSTRIAL INDEMNITY**

HARTFORD FIRE **AETNA FIRE**

HARTFORD STEAM BOILER INSPECTION AND INSURANCE CO.